

## **The Russian Connection** by **Jazzman03**

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**Characters:** Eleven/Jane H., Mike W., OC, Will B.

**Pairings:** Mike W./Eleven/Jane H.

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**Summary:** Set after the events of Stranger Things 3, our group of friends must put new challenges aside, to destroy a pest that just keeps on coming back. Please review

# 1. Chapter 1: New Beginnings

## *Bloomington, IN, USA*

Tears. A salty substance. Often mistakenly identified as only occurring in sad situations. They can be happy as well. This time however, they were not.

She stood on the porch of the new house with one hand drying her eyes the other holding a small yet very significant piece of paper.

'Come back to me please' said a voice on the inside. 'Please.'

Then another voice, this time from inside the house.

'El, time for dinner' called Joyce.

'Coming' she said and took one last look out onto her new horizons before returning into the house.

Their new house stood on the outskirts of Bloomington, IN. Just over a 2.5 hour drive away from Hawkins. It wasn't far away but far enough to feel disconnected from their home of before even Jonathan was born. Boxes upon boxes stood in the hallways of their new house as she walked through its main hallway.

It wasn't a very old house built in the 50s but it was a two story house with 3 bedrooms but a relatively small downstairs area. Joyce got one room. Will and Jonathan had to share and El had her own. None of the bedrooms were bigger than the others however El's seemed to cover more space somehow. Maybe because she had less things it somehow felt bigger but she didn't want that.

She just wanted it to be the way it was with her secretly kissing Mike and Hopper getting angry and just everything being fine. But now it had all changed. He was dead and she hadn't even got her powers back. At least she could take comfort in the fact that she had agreed to give Mike regular calls. Even though they had both told each other they loved each other, both had fears that a long distance relationship wouldn't work out.

Anyway, she sat down at the table for their very first dinner, a very simple Macaroni cheese, and looked around the table as they ate. Jonathan, quiet as ever, eating in small, polite mouth fills. Will shovelling food into his mouth. Joyce eating in her own unique way. She liked this but she still felt that their was a place at the table missing. Two in fact as the table left over from the previous owners could sit six if required. Hopper and Mike. Still Thanksgiving was on its way and at least one of those places would be filled.

### ***Kamchatka, U.S.S.R***

'LET ME OUT, PLEASE!!' screamed the voice through the dungeon.

Growls could be heard in the distance but not a single soul was around to hear the mans screams.

'PLEASE!' it screamed again.

A guard came through the corridor in which his cell was located.

'Shut up' he said with a thick Russian accent.

He banged on the cage and said 'I swear if you don't let me out of this cage, I'll break every bone in your body.'

'I'd like to see you try' said the guard waving a pair of keys in front of the eyepiece of the mans cage.

'Oh you will snowflake' the man muttered under his breath.

'What did you say?' said the guard.

'I said oh you will snowflake.' the man retorted.

'That wasn't a very good move' said the guard. 'Consider your meals for the next two days removed.'

'Fuck you' said the man and spat in the face of the guard.

'I would watch your step' said the guard wiping spit from his face. 'It could cost you more than your food, Sheriff' and the guard walked away laughing to himself.

## ***Hawkins, IN, USA***

Mike sat in his room contemplating a town without El. It had happened before but he had gotten used to the idea of continuing his life with El at his side for all of it. Even though he was happy that Joyce had agreed to take care of El, he wished that they had stayed in Hawkins. Not only were his best friend and girlfriend moving away, Nancy's boyfriend was moving away. Even though he would never admit it, he hated to see his sister sad.

He told himself he would get through it. He told himself it would work and he told himself that he would be there for El, no matter what.

Meanwhile at her house Robin was busy filling out job applications for other small time stores in Hawkins. She heard a knock on her front door. She answered it and it was Steve with Dustin Henderson by his side. She performed the complementary greeting when this trip met up involving Star Wars and references to that summers hit, Back to The Future.

Once she'd invited them in, they sat down in the living room and started talking.

'Things sure are going to be different around here now' said Steve.

'That they are' said Robin.

'I can't believe that they're gone' said Dustin. 'I've known Will since I moved here and El became as close as family to all of us and now they're gone. It just doesn't seem right that Will should have to move. I mean he's been through so much shit and it's just not been fair to him or his family.'

'I agree' said Steve. 'I mean I saw how much stress, pain and distress he and his mum were in when they were trying to get that thing out of him.'

'Still, it can only get better from here, right?' said Robin.

'Absolutely, 100%' said Steve.

'Yeah, I guess' said Dustin.

'Good, I'm glad we agree' returned Robin. 'Anyone for cookies?'

'Yeah' they both returned.

'That would be nice' remarked Steve.

### ***Bloomington, IN, USA***

As dinner progressed, El began to wonder about something Hopper had told her.

He had said that at dinner it's good to say 'Cheers!' and in special cases to 'toast'.

So El stood up and raised her glass of juice.

'To Hopper' she said.

'To Hopper' they all repeated.

'To Dad' El thought. 'To my one and only Dad'

## **2. Chapter 2: An Issue of Power**

### **Chapter 2: An Issue of Power**

#### ***Bloomington, IN, USA***

'Right let's try this again' El thought.

As the young girl focused, she stretched out her arm and waited for it to happen. It never did. The teddy bear remained motionless.

'22nd time lucky' she thought and prepared to try again. Just then Joyce walked in and saw her adoptive daughter wearing herself out.

'Honey what are you doing?' she asked.

'I'm trying to make my powers work again' said El.

'Sweetheart, they'll come back and you can keep trying but your spending every minute of every day trying and I'm worried' she confessed.

'I'm sorry, mum' she said.

'Mum' Joyce thought. 'There is no need to be sad, El. It will be alright in the end.'

'But it won't will it' El started to say, her tone getting more aggressive. 'Hopper is gone, my powers are gone, and we moved far away from everyone I ever knew' and by the end she was crying. Streams of tears slid down her face like a waterslide.

'That's true' said Joyce. 'All of it is true.'

By now Joyce was crying as well.

'But we have to be strong and persevere' she continued. 'For Hopper and everyone else affected by whatever the hell has gone on over the past few years.'

Joyce looked at El and El looked back at Joyce. The bond these two

shared was unlike any other El had. El had a lot of unique bonds but with Joyce it was like any other mother and daughter. They both trusted each other completely.

Then from the kitchen Will shouted 'Mum, what's for dinner, I'm hungry'

'Guess I better go' said Joyce, wiping her eyes. 'Hunger calls' and she chuckled a soft chuckle. El did the same.

Joyce left the room and left El contemplating their latest conversation.

### ***Kamchatka, U.S.S.R***

His voice was gone. His arm was broken. His cut had become infected. Still the man would not give up banging on the door. With his one good arm and kicking wherever possible, he managed to enrage the guards so much that he earned the nickname 'затына' or dickhead. No matter how much they tested his resolve he would not give in. They tortured him. He was submerged in water, had his toenails bent backwards and had even been drugged just to keep him quiet. The only thing that had not been used was electricity and that was what the man approaching the cell was going to take him to.

'Get up' he said, the thick Russian accent plain as ever.

'No' said Hopper but only a soft squeak came out.

'You still won't shut up, so the general has decided that it is time to shock you' said the guard.

'What do you mean?' asked Hopper.

'It will be shocking' replied the guard.

'I'm confused' said Hopper.

'Shocked?' he asked.

'Now you've lost me' said Hopper.

'Really?' said the guard, annoyed. 'I was trying to make joke about shocking you with electricity but it doesn't work with you'

'So why try it then?' asked Hopper.

'I don't-' started the guard before realising why he was there. 'Keep moving' and they walked towards the room.

### ***Hawkins, IN, USA***

Mike looked out at Mirkwood. The place he had found her. Where all those years ago a girl with a buzzcut had wondered into his life and he had been dragged into a world of supernatural and scary things that he still to this day could not believe had happened. All in this small American town. And now he found himself waiting. Waiting for that phone to ring and he could talk to her again. He had found that he started to feel anxious when waiting for the phone call.

'What if she doesn't ring?' his mind said.

'She will' his heart said.

And this interaction of head vs heart happened every time he waited. The phone rang. He snapped out of it. He ran to the phone and said 'El.'

'Can I speak to Mrs. Wheeler please?' the-voice-who-was-not-El responded.

'No sorry' he said and he went to put the phone down. His mum stopped him.

'I need to take this' she said.

'But mum-' Mike began.

'No, I need to take this' she said and gave him the look.

'Fine' he grumbled and went back to his room.

10 minutes later the phone rang again.



'El' he said again.

'Mike' she said down the line.

***Bloomington, IN, USA***

20 minutes later, the conversation was over.

'Love you' said El.

'Love you too' said Mike and he put the phone down.

The dial tone hit like a tsunami and El went back to waiting and waiting for the next time she could hear his voice again. The phone rang again.

El picked it up.

'Hello' said a voice.

'Who are you?' asked El.

Ignoring the question he kept talking. 'Hopper is alive'

'What?' El asked, starting to cry at the mere mention of his name.

'He's alive' said the voice. 'And you can get him back'

'How?' El asked through gritted teeth.

'You have to die' said the voice on the phone.

And the line went dead...